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SERMON XVI.

On 2 COR. i. 12

For our rejoicing is this, the Testimony of our Conscience.

1. **H**OW few words are there in the world more common than this, *conscience*? It is almost in every one's mouth. And one would thence be apt to conclude, that no word can be found, which is more generally understood. But it may be doubted whether this is the case or no, although numberless treatises have been written upon it. For it is certain, a great part of those writers have rather puzzled the cause than cleared it, that they have usually *darkened counsel, by uttering words without knowledge.*

2. The best treatise on the subject which I remember to have seen, is translated from the French of Mons. Placatt, which describes in a clear and rational manner the nature and offices of conscience. But though it was published near a hundred years ago, it is in very few hands. And indeed a great part of those that have read it, complain of the length of it. An octavo volume of several hundred pages, upon so plain a subject, was likely to prove a trial of patience to most persons of understanding. It seems therefore, there is still wanting a discourse upon the subject, short as well as clear. This by the assistance of God I will endeavour to supply, by shewing, First, the nature of conscience; and then the

several sorts of it; after which I shall conclude with a few important directions.

I. 1. And first, I am to shew the nature of conscience. This a very pious man in the last century (in his sermon on universal conscientiousness) describes in the following manner.—“This word, which literally signifies *knowing with another*, excellently sets forth the scriptural notion of it. So *Job xvi. 19. My witness is in heaven*: and so the Apostle, *Rom. ix. 1. I say the truth, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost*. In both places it is as if he had said, God witnesseth with my conscience. Conscience is placed in the middle, under God, and above man. It is a kind of silent reasoning of the mind, whereby those things which are judged to be right are approved of with pleasure; but those which are judged evil are disapproved of with uneasiness.” This is a tribunal in the breast of men to accuse sinners and excuse them that do well.

2. To view it in a somewhat different light, conscience, as well as the Latin word, from which it is taken, and the Greek word *συμβουλὴ*, necessarily imply *the knowledge of two or more things together*. Suppose the knowledge of our words and actions, and at the same time of their goodness or badness: if it be not rather the faculty whereby we know at once our actions and the quality of them.

3. *Conscience* then is that faculty, whereby we are at once conscious of our own thoughts, words and actions, and of their merit or demerit, of their being good or bad, and consequently deserving either praise or censure. And some pleasure generally attends the former sentence, some uneasiness the latter. But this varies exceedingly, according to education, and a thousand other circumstances.

4. Can it be denied, that something of this is found in every man born into the world? And does it not appear, as soon as the understanding opens? as soon as reason begins to dawn? Does not every one then begin to know that there is a difference between

good and evil? how imperfect soever, the various circumstances of this sense of good and evil may be? Does not every man, for instance, know, unless blinded by the prejudice of education (like the inhabitants of the cape of Good Hope) that it is good to honour his parents? Do not all men, however uneducated or barbarous, allow, It is right to do to others as we would have them do to us? And are not all who know this, condemned in their own mind, when they do any thing contrary thereto? as, on the other hand, when they act suitably thereto, they have the approbation of their own conscience.

5. This faculty seems to be what is usually meant by those who speak of *natural conscience*: an expression frequently found in some of our best authors, but yet not strictly just. For though in one sense it may be termed *natural*, because it is found in all men, yet properly speaking, it is not *natural*; but a supernatural gift of God, above all his natural endowments. No, it is not nature, but the Son of God, that is *the true light, which enlighteneth every man which cometh into the world*. So that we may say to every human creature, *He, not nature, hath shewn thee, O man, what is good*. And it is his Spirit who giveth thee an inward check, who causeth thee to feel uneasy, when thou walkest in any instance contrary to the light which he hath given thee.

6. It may give a peculiar force to that beautiful passage, to consider by whom, and on what occasion, the words were uttered. The persons speaking are *Balak* the king of *Moab*, and *Balaam*, then under divine impressions: (it seems, then *not far from the kingdom of God*, although afterwards he so foully revolted.) Probably *Balak* too at that time experienced something of the same influence. This occasioned his *consulting with*, or asking counsel of, *Balaam*, his proposing the question to which *Balaam* gives so full an answer, (*Micah* vi. ver. 5, &c.) *O, my people (saith the prophet in the name of God) remember what Balak the king of Moab consulted (it seems in the fulness of his heart.) And what Balaam the son of*

Beer answered him. Wherewith, said he, shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgression? The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? (This the kings of Moab had actually done, on occasions of deep distress: a remarkable account of which is recorded in the third chapter of the second book of kings.) To this Balaam makes that noble reply (being doubtless then taught of God) He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God!

7. To take a more distinct view of conscience, it appears to have a threefold office: First, it is a *witness*, testifying what we have done, in thought, or word, or action: Secondly, It is a *judge*, passing sentence on what we have done, that it is good or evil. And, Thirdly, It in some sort *executes* the sentence, by occasioning a degree of complacency in him that does well, and a degree of uneasiness in him that does evil.

8. Professor *Hutchinson*, late of *Glasgow*, places conscience in a different light. In his essay on the passions, he observes, That we have several *senses*, or natural avenues of pleasure and pain, besides the five external senses. One of these he terms, "The *public sense*, whereby we are naturally pained at the misery of a fellow-creature, and pleased at his deliverance from it. And every man, says he, has a *moral sense*, whereby he approves of benevolence and disapproves of cruelty. Yea, he is uneasy, when he himself has done a cruel action, and pleased when he has done a generous one.

9. All this is in some sense undoubtedly true. But it is not true, that either the *public* or the *moral sense*, (both of which are included in the term conscience,) is now *natural* to man. Whatever may have been the case at first, while man was in a state of innocence, both the one and the other is now a branch of that su-

pernatural gift of God, which we usually stile *preventing grace*. But the professor does not at all agree with this. He sets God wholly out of the question. God has nothing to do with his scheme of virtue, from the beginning to the end. So that, to say the truth, his scheme of virtue is atheism all over. This is refinement indeed! Many have excluded God out of the world: he excludes him even out of religion!

10. But do we not mistake him? Do we take his meaning right? That it may be plain enough, that no man may mistake him, he proposes this question, "What if a man, in doing a virtuous, that is, a generous action, in helping a fellow-creature, has an eye to God, either as commanding, or as promising to reward it? Then, says he, so far as he has an eye to God, the virtue of the action is lost. Whatever actions spring from an eye to the recompence of reward, have no virtue, no moral goodness in them." Alas! Was this man called a christian? How unjustly was he slandered with that assertion? Even Dr. *Taylor*, though he does not allow Christ to be God, yet does not scruple to term him "A person of consummate virtue." But the professor cannot allow him any virtue at all!

11. But to return. What is conscience in the christian sense? It is that faculty of the soul, which, by the assistance of the grace of God, sees at one and the same time, 1. Our own tempers and lives, the real nature and quality of our thoughts, words, and actions. 2. The rule whereby we are to be directed, and 3. The agreement or disagreement therewith. To express this a little more largely, conscience implies, First, The faculty a man has of knowing himself, of discerning both in general and in particular, his own tempers, thoughts, words, and actions. But this it is not possible for him to do, without the assistance of the Spirit of God. Otherwise self-love, and indeed every other irregular passion would disguise, and wholly conceal him from himself. It implies, Secondly, a knowledge of the rule, whereby he is to be directed in every particular,

which is no other than the written word of God. Conscience implies, Thirdly, a knowledge that all his thoughts, and words and actions are conformable to that rule. In all the offices of conscience, the *unction of the Holy One* is indispensably needful. Without this neither could we clearly discern our lives or tempers: nor could we judge of the rule whereby we are to walk, or of our conformity or disconformity to it.

12. This is properly the account of a *good* conscience, which may be in other terms expressed thus, a divine consciousness of walking in all things according to the written word of God. It seems indeed, that there can be no conscience, which has not a regard to God. If you say, "Yes: there certainly may be a consciousness of having done right or wrong, without any reference to him." I answer. This I cannot grant. I doubt whether the very words, *right* and *wrong*, according to the christian system, do not imply in the very idea of them, agreement and disagreement to the will and word of God. If so, there is no such thing as conscience in a christian, if we leave God out of the question.

13. In order to the very existence of a good conscience, as well as to the continuance of it, the continued influence of the Spirit of God, is absolutely needful. Accordingly the apostle *John* declares to the believers of all ages, *Ye have an unction from the Holy One; and ye know all things*: all things that are needful to your having a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man. So he adds, *Ye have no need that any one should teach you, otherwise than as that anointing teacheth you*. That anointing clearly teacheth us those three things, First, the true meaning of God's word. Secondly, our own tempers and lives, bringing all our thoughts, words, and actions to remembrance; and Thirdly, the agreement of all, with the commandments of God.

14. Proceed we now to consider in the second place, the several *sorts* of conscience. A good conscience has been spoken of already. This St. *Paul* expresses various ways. In one place he simply terms it, a *good con-*

science toward God : in another, a conscience void of offence towards God and toward man. But he speaks still more largely in the text : *Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity, with a single eye, and godly sincerity, we have had our conversation in the world.* Meantime he observes that this was done, *not by fleshly wisdom* : commonly called prudence ; (this never did, nor ever can produce such an effect :) *but by the grace of God*, which alone is sufficient to work this in any child of man.

15. Nearly allied to this (if it be not the same placed in another view, or a particular branch of it) is a *tender conscience*. One of a tender conscience is exact in observing any deviation from the word of God, whether in thought, or word, or work, and immediately feels remorse and self-condemnation for it. And the constant cry of his soul is,

“ O that my tender soul may fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill :
Quick as the apple of an eye
The slighted touch of sin to feel.”

16. But sometimes this excellent quality, *tenderness of conscience*, is carried to an extreme. We find some who fear where no fear is, who are continually condemning themselves without cause ; imagining some things to be sinful, which the scripture no where condemns ; and supposing other things to be their duty, which the scripture no where enjoins. This is properly termed, a *scrupulous conscience*, and is a fore evil. It is highly expedient to yield to it as little as possible ; rather it is a matter of earnest prayer, that you may be delivered from this fore evil, and may recover a sound mind : to which nothing would contribute more, than the converse of a pious and judicious friend.

17. But the extreme which is opposite to this, is far more dangerous. A *hardened conscience* is a thousand times more dangerous than a scrupulous one : that can violate a plain command of God, without any self-con-

demnation: either doing what he has expressly forbidden, or neglecting what he has expressly commanded: and yet without any remorse: yea, perhaps glorying in this very hardness of heart! Many instances of this deplorable stupidity we meet with at this day: and even among people that suppose themselves to have no small share of religion. A person is doing something which the scripture clearly forbids. You ask, how do you dare to do this? and are answered with perfect unconcern, "O, my heart does not condemn me." I reply, "So much the worse. I would to God it did. You would then be in a safer state than you are now. It is a dreadful thing, to be condemned by the word of God, and yet not to be condemned by your own heart!" If we can break the least of the known commands of God, without any self-condemnation, it is plain, the god of this world hath hardened our hearts. If we do not soon recover from this, we shall be *past feeling*, and our consciences (as St. Paul speaks) will be *fear'd as with a hot iron*.

18. I have now only to add a few important directions. The first great point is this: Suppose we have a tender conscience, how shall we preserve it? I believe there is only one possible way of doing this, which is, To obey it. Every act of disobedience, tends to blind and deaden it, to put out its eyes, that it may not see the good and the acceptable will of God, and to deaden the heart, that it may not feel self-condemnation, when we act in opposition to it. And, on the contrary, every act of obedience gives to the conscience a sharper and stronger sight, and a quicker feeling of whatever offends the glorious majesty of God. Therefore, if you desire to have your conscience always quick to discern, and faithful to accuse or excuse you; if you would preserve it always sensible and tender, be sure to obey it at all events. Continually listen to its admonitions, and steadily follow them. Whatever it directs you to do according to the word of God, do; however grievous to flesh and blood. Whatever it forbids, if the prohi-

bition be not grounded on the word of God, see you do it not, however pleasing it may be to flesh and blood. The one or the other may frequently be the case. What God forbids may be pleasing to our evil nature. There you are called to deny yourself, or you deny your Master. What he enjoins, may be painful to nature: there take up your cross. So true is our Lord's word, *Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple.*

19. I cannot conclude this discourse better than with an extract from Dr. *Annesley's* sermon on universal conscientiousness.*

“ Be persuaded to practise the following directions, and your conscience will continue right.

1. Take heed of every sin: count no sin small: and obey every command with your might. Watch against the first risings of sin, and beware of the borders of sin. Shun the very appearance of evil. Venture not upon temptations or occasions of sin.

2. Consider yourself as living under God's eye: live as in the sensible presence of the jealous God. Remember, all things are naked and open before him! You cannot deceive him; for he is infinite wisdom: you cannot fly from him; for he is every where; you cannot bribe him; for he is righteousness itself! Speak as knowing God hears you: walk, as knowing God besets you on every side. The Lord is with you, while you are with him: that is, you shall enjoy his favourable presence, while you live in his awful presence.

3 Be serious and frequent in the examination of your heart and life. There are some duties like those parts of the body, the want of which may be supplied by other parts: but the want of these nothing can supply. Every evening review your carriage through the day: what you have done, or thought, that was unbecoming your character: whether your heart has been instant

* Dr. *Annesley* (my mother's father) was rector of the parish of *Cripple-gate*.

upon religion, and indifferent to the world? Have a special care of two portions of your time, namely, morning and evening: the morning to forethink what you have to do, and the evening to examine, Whether you have done what you ought?

4. Let every action have reference to your whole life, and not to a part only. Let all your subordinate ends be suitable to the great end of your living. *Exercise yourself unto godliness.* Be as diligent in religion, as thou wouldst have thy children that go to school be in learning. Let thy whole life be a preparation for heaven, like the preparation of wrestlers for the combat.

5. Do not venture on sin, because Christ hath purchased a pardon: that is a most horrible abuse of Christ. For this very reason there was no sacrifice under the law for any wilful sin; lest people should think, they knew the price of sins, as those do who deal in Popish indulgences.

6. Be nothing in your own eyes: for what is it, alas, that we have to be proud of! Our very conception was sinful, our birth painful, our life toilsome, our death we know not what! But all this is nothing to the state of our soul. If we know this, what excuse have we for pride?

7. Consult duty; not events. We have nothing to do but to mind our duty. All speculations that tend not to holiness, are among your superfluities: but forebodings of what may befall you in doing your duty, may be reckoned among your sins: and to venture upon sin to avoid danger, is to sink the ship for fear of pirates. O how quiet, as well as holy would our lives be, had we learned that single lesson. To be careful for nothing but to do our duty, and leave all consequences to God! What madness, for silly dust to prescribe to infinite wisdom? To let go our work and meddle with God's? He hath managed the concerns of the world, and of every individual person in it, without giving cause of complaint to any, for above these five thousand years.

And does he now need *your* counsel? Nay, it is *your* business to mind your own duty.

8. What advice you would give another, take yourself: the worst of men are apt enough to lay burdens on others which if they would take on themselves, they would be rare christians.

9. Do nothing on which you cannot pray for a blessing. Every action of a christian that is good, is sanctified by the word and prayer. It becomes not a christian to do any thing so trivial, that he cannot pray over it. And if he would but bestow a serious ejaculation on every occurrent action, such a prayer would cut off all things sinful, and encourage all things lawful.

10. Think, and speak, and do what you are persuaded Christ himself would do in your case, were he on earth. It becomes a christian, rather to be an example, than to follow one. But by imitating Christ you become an example to all, who was, and is, and ever will be, our absolute pattern. O, christians, how did Christ pray, and redeem time for prayer? How did Christ preach, out of whose mouth proceeded no other but gracious words? What time did Christ spend in impertinent discourse? How did Christ go up and down doing good to men, and what was pleasing to God? Beloved, I commend to you these four memorials. 1. Mind duty: 2. What is the duty of another in your case is your own: 3. Do not meddle with any thing, if you cannot say, The blessing of the Lord be upon it. 4. Above all, sooner forget your christian name, than forget to eye Christ! Whatever treatment you meet with from the world, remember him and follow his steps: *Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth! Who when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously.*"

*An Extract from A SURVEY of the WISDOM of God in
the CREATION.*

[Continued from page 157.]

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

AND first, what admirable wisdom is displayed in the *motion* of various animals, suited to their various occasions ! In some their motion is swift, in others slow ; and both diversified a thousand ways.

And first, for swift or slow motion. This is exactly proportioned to the occasion of each animal. *Reptiles*, whose food, habitations, and nests lie in the next clod, plant, tree, or hole, or which can bear a long hunger, need neither legs nor wings, but their vermicular motion answers all their purposes.

Beasts, whose occasions require a larger room, have accordingly a swifter motion : and this in various degrees, answerable to their range for food, and the enemies they are to escape from.

But as for *birds*, who are to traverse vast tracts of land and water, for their food, habitation, breeding their young, and for places of retreat and security, from various inconveniencies : they are endued with the faculty of *flying* ; and that swiftly or slowly, a long or short time, according to their occasions. In all this the wisdom of God appears, ordering all things well.

Again. How admirable is the motion of all creatures, in the neat, geometrical performance of it ! The most accurate mathematician cannot prescribe a nicer motion than that they perform, to the legs and wings of those that fly or walk, or to the bodies of those that creep. Neither can the body be more completely poised, for the motion it is to have, in every creature. From the largest elephant to the smallest mite, the body is exactly balanced. The head is not too heavy, nor too light for the rest of the body, nor the rest of the

body for it. The bowels are not loose, or so placed as to swag, overbalance, or overset the body: but well-braced, and accurately distributed to maintain the equipoise of it. The motive parts also are admirably well fixed, in respect to the centre of gravity, placed in the very point which best serves to support and convey the body. Every leg bears the share of the weight. And the wings are so exactly placed, that even in the fluid medium, the air, the body is as truly balanced, as we could have balanced it with the nicest scales.

Yet again. What an admirable provision is made for the motion of some creatures, by *temporary parts*! *Frogs*, for instance, have tails in their tadpole-state, which fall off when their legs are grown out. The *water-newt* also when young, has four fins, two on a side, to poise and keep the body upright. But as soon as the legs are fully grown, these presently drop off.

Secondly, the bore of the gullet in all creatures is answerable to their occasions. In a fox, which feeds on bones (as in all ossivorous beasts) it is very large. But in a squirrel it is exceeding small, lest he should disgorge his meat in his descending leaps: and so in rats and mice, which often run along a wall with their heads downward.

Thirdly. In all animals the strength and size of their stomach are proportioned to their food. Those whose food is more tender and nutritive, have it smaller, thinner, and weaker. Whereas it is large and strong in those whose food is less nutritive, and whose bodies require large supplies.

All carnivorous beasts have the smallest stomachs, as flesh goes the farthest. Those that feed on fruits and roots have them of a middle size. Sheep and oxen, which feed on grass, have the greatest. Yet the horse, hare, and rabbit, though graminivorous, have comparatively small ones. For a horse is made for labour, and both this and the hare for quick and continued motion: for which the most easy respiration, and so the freest motion of the diaphragm is requisite. But

this could not be, did the stomach lie big and cumbersome upon it, as it does in sheep and oxen.

Another very remarkable circumstance is, that those animals which have teeth on both jaws, have but one stomach; whereas most of those which have no upper-teeth, or no teeth at all, have three stomachs. For the meat which is first chewed, is easily digested; but that which is swallowed whole, requires a stronger concoctive power.

Fourthly. All the parts of the same animal are adapted one to the other. So, for instance, the length of the neck is always proportioned to that of the legs. Only the elephant has a short neck: for the weight of his head and teeth, would to a long neck have been insupportable. But then he is provided with a trunk, which abundantly supplies the defect. In other beasts and birds, the neck is always commensurate to the legs; so that they which have long legs have long necks, and they that have short legs short ones; as may be observed in lizards of all kinds, and the king of them, the crocodile. And creatures that have no legs, as they want no necks, so they have none, as fishes. This equality between the length of the neck and legs, is peculiarly seen in beasts that feed on grass. Their legs and necks are very near equal. Very near, I say, because the neck must necessarily have some advantage; for it cannot hang perpendicular, but must incline a little.

Moreover, as these creatures must hold their heads down, for a considerable time together, which would be very laborious and painful for the muscles, therefore on each side the neck, nature has placed a thick and strong ligament, capable of stretching and shrinking again as need requires: this, which is vulgarly called white-leather, extends from the head (to which, and the next vertebræ of the neck it is fastened at the end) to the middle vertebræ of the back, to which it is knit at the other. And by the assistance of this, they are able to hold the head in that posture all day long.

Fifthly, The parts of all animals are exactly fitted to their manner of living. A notable instance of this is in the swine. His natural food being chiefly the roots of plants, he is provided with a long and strong snout; long, that he may thrust it to a convenient depth in the ground without offence to his eyes; strong and conveniently formed, for rooting and turning up the ground. And besides, he has an extremely quick scent, for finding out such roots as are fit for him. Hence in Italy, the usual way of finding truffles, or subterraneous mushrooms, is by tying a cord to the hind-leg of a pig, and driving him before them into their pastures. They then observe where he stops and begins to root: and digging there they are sure to find a truffle. So in pastures where there are earth-nuts, though the roots are deep in the ground, and the leaves are quite gone, the swine will find them by their scent, and root only in the places where they grow.

Another instance of like nature we have in the porpoise (anciently wrote porc-pesce, that is, swine-fish) which resembles the hog, both in the strength of his snout and in the manner of getting his food. For the stomach of one of these when dissected, was found full of sand-eels, which lie deep in the sand, and cannot be gotten, but by rooting and digging there.

That very action, for which we look upon swine as unclean creatures, namely, wallowing in the mire, is designed by nature for a good end; not only to cool their bodies (which fair water would do as well) but also to suffocate and destroy fleas, lice, and other insects, which are troublesome and hurtful to them. For the same reason, poultry and divers other birds bask themselves in the dust, in hot summer weather.

The variety of shape and colour observable in *beasts*, prevents any two from being exactly alike, as much as the human features distinguish mankind one from another. Wherefore then was this variety bestowed upon brutes? Are they at all sensible of such diversity? Are they the more happy, or more useful to one another?

ther for it? No. This variety then is doubtless intended for the sake of man, to prevent confusion, and decide and ascertain his property.

[*To be continued.*]

*An Extract from a Journey, from Aleppo to Jerusalem;
at Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[*Continued from page 159.*]

TUESDAY, March 9. Drawing towards *Tripoli*, our Muleteers were afraid to advance lest their beasts might be pressed for public service. So we left them in the plain of *Junia*, and proceeded ourselves for *Tripoli*; where we arrived about sun-set.

At *Tripoli* we reposed a full week, being very generously entertained by Mr. *Francis Hastings* the consul, and Mr. *John Fisher*, merchant; theirs being the only English house in *Tripoli*.

Tripoli is seated about half an hour from the sea. The major part of the city lies between two hills; one on the east, on which is a castle commanding the place; another on the west, between the city and the sea. This latter is said to have been at first raised, and to be still increased by the daily accession of sand, blown to it from the shore: upon which occasion there goes a prophecy, that the whole city shall in time be buried with this sandy hill. But the Turks seem not very apprehensive of this prediction; for instead of preventing the growth of the hill, they suffer it to take its course, and make it a place of pleasure, which they would have little inclination to do, did they apprehend it were sometime to be their grave.

Thursday, March 11. This day we all dined at consul *Hasting's* house, and after dinner went to wait upon *Ostan* the *Bassa* of *Tripoli*; having first sent our present, as the manner is among the Turks, to procure a propitious reception.

It is counted uncivil to visit in this country without an offering in one's hand. All great men expect it as a kind of tribute due to their character and authority; and look upon themselves as affronted, and indeed defrauded, when this compliment is omitted. Even in familiar visits amongst inferior people, you shall seldom have them come without bringing a flower, or an orange, or some other such token of their respect to the person visited: the Turks, in this point, keeping up the ancient oriental custom hinted at, 1 Sam. ix. 7, *If we go* (says Saul) *what shall we bring the man of God? There is not a present*, &c. which words are questionless to be understood in conformity to this eastern custom, as relating to a token of respect; and not to a price of divination.

Friday, March 12. In the afternoon we went to visit *Bell-Mount*, a convent of Greeks, about two hours to the southward of *Tripoli*. It was founded by one of the earls of *Tripoli*, and stands upon a very high rocky mountain, looking over the sea: a place of very difficult ascent, though made as accessible as it was capable by the labour of the poor monks. It was our fortune to arrive there just as they were going to their evening service. Their chapel is large, but obscure; and the altar is inclosed with cancelli, so as not to be approached by any one but the priest, according to the fashion of the Greek churches. They call their congregation together, by beating a kind of a tune with two mallets, on a long pendulous piece of plank at the church-door; bells being an abomination to the Turks.

Their service consisted in precipitate and very irreverent chattering of certain prayers and hymns to our blessed Saviour, and to the blessed Virgin, and in some dark ceremonies: the priest, that officiated, spent at

least one third part of his time in compassing the altar, and perfuming it with a pot of incense, and then going all round the congregation, flinging his incense-pot backward and forward, and tendering its smoke with three repeated vibrations to every person present. Towards the end of the service, there was brought into the body of the church a small table, covered with a fair linen cloth, on which were placed five small cakes of bread cross way, and in the centre of each cake was fixed a small lighted wax taper; a hole in the cake serving for a socket.

At this ceremony, the priest read the gospel concerning our Lord's feeding the multitude with five loaves. After which, the bread was carried into the cancelli, and being there suddenly broke to bits, was again brought out in a basket, and presented to every one in the assembly, that he might take a little. After this collation, the priest pronounced the blessing, and so the service ended. On both sides of the body of the church, were seats for the monks, in the nature of the stalls for the fellows of colleges in Oxford; and on each hand of every seat were placed crutches. These you find in like manner in most churches of this country. Their use is for the priest to lean upon: their service being sometimes so long, that they cannot well stay it out, without the assistance of such easements; for they are not permitted by their Rubric to sit down. The younger monks, who perhaps may have no great occasion for these supporters, do yet delight to use them (as the Spaniards do spectacles) not for any necessity, but in affectation of gravity.

The monks of this convent were, as I remember, forty in all. We found them seemingly a very good natured and industrious, but certainly a very ignorant people. For I found, upon enquiry, they could not give any manner of rationale of their own divine service. And to shew their extreme simplicity, I cannot omit a compliment made to the consul by the chief of them, viz. That he was as glad to see him, as if he

had beheld the *Messiah* himself coming in person to make a visit to him.

Nor is this ignorance much to be wondered at: for what intervals of time they have between their hours of devotion, they are forced to spend in managing of their flocks, cultivating their land, pruning their vineyards, and other labours of husbandry, which they accomplish with their own hands. This toil they are obliged to undergo, not only to provide for their own sustenance, but also that they may be able to satisfy the unreasonable exactions which the greedy Turks, upon every pretence they can invent, are ready to impose upon them.

[*To be continued.*]

Of the INQUISITION.

[*Continued from page 161.*]

THE next thing to be related, is the method of apprehending and imprisoning criminals.

The inquisitors have a power to apprehend and imprison any person, a native of their province, or a foreigner under their jurisdiction, that has once been a papist, and left their communion, upon the evidence of one witness only. So that when an information is lodged against any person, and it is the opinion of the board that the person accused is guilty, the fiscal formally demands of the inquisitors power to apprehend him; and the warrant is signed by the inquisitors, and directed to the proper officer.

But all criminals have not alike places of confinement. Yet, though some cells are lighter than others, they are all very horrible and nasty; though it is dignified with the amiable title of *santa casa*, i. e. the *holy house*. The manner in which these cells are built is

calculated to hold a great number of miserable creatures. The prison consists of several porticoes ; each of which is divided into a number of small square cells ten feet high, all vaulted, and built over each other in two rows. The uppermost cells receive a weak glimmering of day, through narrow openings, guarded with iron grates above the reach of a tall man. Those below are not only quite dark, but narrower than the others. The walls are five feet thick. Each cell is fastened with two doors ; the inner one thick, covered with iron ; and in the lowest part of it there is an iron gate ; in the upper part there is a small window, that shuts with two iron bolts through which the prisoner receives such necessaries as are thought proper to give him. The outer door is entire without any opening in it at all ; and this is generally left open every morning from six to eleven, to air the prison.

When the prisoners are safely lodged in these cells, whether they are men or women, their heads are shaved on the first or second day of their confinement, without any regard to birth or quality. Those who are confined in the lower cells generally sit in darkness, and are sometimes kept there for several years, without any one's being suffered to go to or speak to them, except their keepers ; and they only at certain hours, when they give them their provision. They are not allowed any books of devotion, but are shut up in darkness and solitude, that they may be broke by the horrors of so dreadful a confinement, and by the miseries of it forced to confess things, which oftentimes they have never done. And as to their provisions, they are to submit to the discretion of the lords the inquisitors, and of their harpies their officers, who never fail of taking a tenth part of every thing that goes through their hands.

No one in the prison must so much as mutter, or make any noise. If any one bemoans himself, or prays to God with an audible voice, or sings a psalm or sacred hymn, the keepers, who continually watch in the

porches, and can hear even the least sound, immediately come to him and admonish him that silence must be preserved in this house. If the prisoner does not obey, the keepers admonish him again. If after this the prisoner persists, the keeper severely beats him with a stick; not only to chastise him, but to deter others, who, because the cells are contiguous, and deep silence is kept, can very easily hear the outcries and sound of the blows.

In the mean time, various cruel means are used to extort confessions from those whom the inquisitors have a desire to ruin; or to make evidences against others. And to convince us of their implacable hatred against protestants, and that they have more mercy on a Turk or a Jew, than on a christian that opposes the gospel to the doctrines of popery: they except nobody accused of such heresy from the torture; though clergymen, monks, religious of all sorts, doctors, soldiers, officers, noblemen and their children, are exempt from it in all other causes and crimes.

[*To be continued.*]



A summary View of the SLAVE TRADE.

[*Concluded from page 167.*]

P A R T I.

I. **A**FRICA has two sorts of commodities to offer, viz. the *productions of its soil*, and *negro-slaves*.

As it is impossible that we can trade successfully in both of them at the same time (one of them having hitherto proved an insuperable impediment to the other) the question is, in which of the two is it most *politic* to deal.

The one is replete with misery and destruction to the human race, and is beneficial only to a few *individuals*; whereas the other, consisting of cotton, indigo, tobacco, rice, coffee, spices, drugs, mahogany, dying woods, wax, ambergris, honey, ivory, gold, &c. would be of *national* advantage, as it would amply repay us for the loss of America, break the monopoly of the Dutch, be the cheapest market for raw materials for our manufacturers, open a new and extensive market for our manufactures, improve the revenue, and be attended with other public benefits.

II. The negroe-trade, as has been observed before, is profitable but to a few; it is ruinous to some, and it is hazardous at the best: none of which circumstances would be peculiar to the other trade.

III. The negroe-trade is bad, in one point of view, both for the merchant and manufacturer. The former receives for his slaves bills at eighteen, twenty-four, and sometimes thirty-six months after sight. The credit, which the latter is obliged to give, is eighteen months. Whereas the merchant and manufacturer in the trade alluded to, would receive their returns twice, if not three times within the year.

IV. The negroe-trade destroys, from the very *nature of it*, near 20,000 of our seamen annually. The loss of these is of the utmost importance to a people, whose welfare, nay, whose existence, in the present political situation of Europe, as a commercial nation, depends upon their naval strength and importance. The loss can never be compensated by any emoluments which individuals may obtain in the trade. Whereas the trade alluded to, even if the *same ships and men* were employed, would not dissipate them as at present, but become a *nursery* instead of being a *grave*.

V. The negroe-trade (i. e.) a branch of it, by enabling the French to clear and cultivate new land in St. Domingo (which they are unable to do to the extent of their wishes without our assistance) is replete with the most pernicious consequences to the British nation.

This island, if fully cultivated, can produce more sugar than all our islands together. Every lot of slaves, which we import there, enables them to clear an additional acre. Every acre so gained supplies additional produce. This produce employs additional ships to old France. Nor does the evil stop here, a new fleet of ships is raised for them in exporting this produce to other countries. Now, if we consider that French ships carry double the number of men that ours of the same burden do, we shall find that we are enabling our enemies by this branch of the trade, to dispute with us the sovereignty of the seas.

P A R T II.

The first section contains an account of *seven* plantations, which have wanted *no* supplies for some years. But it must be observed, that on these plantations the negroes were treated with humanity, and population was encouraged. Indeed on one of them, where the treatment was superior to that of the rest, the numbers increased so much, that the plantation was overstocked.

The author shews, from these instances, that if a planter treats his slaves well, and encourages population, they *must* increase. But that, if the same plantation falls into the hands of an avaricious and unfeeling man, it must go back in a few years, and require supplies.

He then states, that if the slave-trade is abolished, the planters will be obliged to treat their slaves with humanity, and encourage population; and, of course, that the islands can never be in want of cultivators.

He then goes into the various causes of the diminution of slaves in the colonies ; and shews, that all these causes will be removed if the slave-trade is abolished.

One of them is this : When a slave-ship arrives in the colonies, her cargo invariably consists of two-thirds male, and the remainder female. This is but a bad proportion of the sexes for propagation. But when they are put up to sale, an avaricious planter, who can give a better price than his neighbour, and who will not suffer the pregnancy of women to stop the work of his plantation, buys them in a still greater disproportion, viz. in that of five to one ; his views being chiefly confined to the males. The females fall mostly to the lot of the indigent and involved, who cannot favour them. Hence a separation of the sexes ; otherwise it would never happen that so many thousands of both sexes, annually imported into the colonies, should pass away, in a little time, and scarcely leave a seed behind them.

Now if the importations are stopped, and sufficient previous notice is given of the event, the avaricious planter, who formerly purchased males alone, will be *obliged* at the next sales to purchase females ; while those on the other hand, who have the greatest proportion of females, will in their turn purchase males.

He then shews, that much more work will be done in the same time ; that the planter will be richer and happier ; that the islands will be free from the insurrections, with which they are now continually harrassed ; that the numerous suicides which happen, all of which are a considerable loss to the planter, will be prevented : that the waste lands in the colonies, to a prodigious extent, will be cleared and cultivated ; that the revenue will, of course, be greatly improved ; and that a foundation will be laid for a general emancipation at last, and for a conversion to christianity. Which, if they take place, will not only be of considerable advantage to the slaves themselves, but to the

planters ; as their estates (so much is the balance in favour of free labour) will be doubly valuable.

To these considerations add, that if the plan of the abolition of the slave-trade takes place with the English alone, *many thousand lives will be annually saved.*



The surest and safest Way of THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 174.]

Quest. **I**F you ask, why the Lord taketh notice of every one of his saints?

I Answ. 1. They are all his children, and of his household ; therefore, as a tender and careful father and master, he careth for every one of them. Yea, they are all members of the body of Christ. Now the head taketh care of every member, even the least, and taketh notice of every kindness done to any of them.

2. They are all as jewels and precious stones ; therefore, as a wise jeweller, he will look to every one of them. Yea, that which often appears least may be of greater worth ; as a little diamond is of more value than a far greater agate.

This affordeth a singular ground of comfort to such as in this world are desolate and forsaken : though they be left alone as Elijah was, 1 Kings xix. 10. *and as a pelican in the wilderness : or as an owl in the desert, or as a sparrow alone upon the house-top,* as the Psalmist expresseth it, Psal. cii. 6, 7. yet is the Lord with them, and takes care of them. Now if the Lord be with us, and taketh care of us, what need we fear ? How should this encourage us to extend our charity to any one of the saints and members of Christ, though mean and

little in the world, and not able to recompense us? and though none take notice thereof, to consider that the Lord taketh notice, and will abundantly recompense every good work; yea, the least kindness we do unto them. Heb. vi. 10. *God is not unrighteous to forget your work, and labour of love, which ye have shewed towards his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister.* Where God's not forgetting their labour of love in ministering to the saints, doth imply, That as God taketh notice of their beneficence; so he is, and will be ever mindful of such and such persons, to support and succour, and every way to do them good.

I come now to the second doctrine, viz. That the least work of charity shewed to a minister or righteous man, shall be abundantly recompensed, and that not only hereafter, but likewise here on earth.

Though our beneficence ought to extend unto all who are in want, and come within the verge of our knowledge and power, as Gal. vi. 10. yet I confine my discourse here to ministers and righteous ones, because they only are implied under those little ones mentioned in my text.

That merciful men shall be abundantly recompensed hereafter in heaven for their works of charity, there is no doubt, being so clearly expressed in the word of God, Luke xvi. 9. *Make yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.* And 1 Tim. vi. 17, *Charge them that are rich in this world, that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.*

But the great question is concerning temporal reward, whether christian charity, rightly performed, shall be recompensed here in this life with temporal blessings: so that what men give in a way of charity, there is ground to expect it shall be here returned into their bosoms?

I deny not but a charitable man may become poor, through suretiship, negligence in his calling, or in respect of some secret sin, wherein he liveth, which may bring a temporal curse upon him. So that his liberality in such cases may not be a sufficient fence against poverty. But this I say, That as penuriousness toward the poor is the readiest way to poverty; so christian charity, rightly performed, is the surest way to plenty; it being usually rewarded with temporal blessings here, as well as with eternal hereafter. Where is the man to be found, that is the poorer by what he hath given to the poor? How many are the instances of such as have met with some signal blessings from God in this life, as the reward of their liberality?

This may seem a paradox to many uncharitable men, that Giving should be the surest way of Getting, and that the more liberal any man is, the more likely he is to thrive in the world. Yet nothing is more clearly laid down in the scripture, and found to be true by the experience of multitudes in all ages. And I am verily persuaded, that there is seldom any man, that maketh conscience of this duty, who giveth to the poor proportionably to what God hath bestowed on him, and with an upright heart, but if he observe the passages of God's providence towards him, he shall find the same doubled upon him in temporal blessings. I challenge all the world to give me one instance, or at least any considerable number of instances of truly merciful men, whose charity hath undone them. But as living wells, the more they are drawn, the more freely they spring and flow; so the substance of charitable men often, if not ordinarily, multiplies in the very distribution; even as the five loaves, and few fishes did multiply in their breaking and distributing, and as the widow's oil increased by pouring it out.

[*To be continued.*]

*An Account of Mr. HENRY FOSTER: in a Letter to the
Rev. J. WESLEY.*

[Continued from page 176.]

PERMIT me,* O Lord, to bring back unto thee those powers and faculties, which I have ungratefully and sacrilegiously alienated from thy service. And receive, I beseech thee, thy poor revolted creature, who is now convinced of thy right in him, and desires nothing in the whole world, so much as to be thine. Blessed God, it is with the utmost solemnity that I make this surrender of myself unto thee.

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, I this day take, and avouch Jehovah the Lord to be my God, and I avouch and declare myself to be his covenanted child, and one of his people. Hear, O God of heaven, and record it in the book of thy remembrance, that henceforth I am thine, entirely thine. I would not merely consecrate unto thee some of my powers, or possessions, or give thee a certain proportion of my services, or all I am capable of for a limited time; but I will be thine, and wholly thine for ever. From this day do I solemnly renounce all the former lords, who have had dominion over me; every sin, and every lust I bid, in thy name, an eternal defiance to, and also to all the powers of hell, which have most unjustly usurped the empire over my soul, and to all the corruptions they have introduced into the whole frame of my nature. All the faculties of my mind, and all the members of my body, I present to thee this day, as a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable, which is my reasonable service.

To thee I consecrate all my worldly possessions. In thy service I desire to spend all the remainder of my

* A continuation of his covenant with God.

time upon earth, and beg that thou wouldst instruct me, so that whether my abode here be long or short, every year and month, every day and hour, may be used in such a manner as shall most effectually promote thine honour, and best serve the designs of thy wise and gracious Providence.

And I earnestly pray, that whatever influence thou givest me, with others, in any of the superior relations of life in which I may stand, or in consequence of any peculiar regard which may be paid to me, thou wouldst give me strength and courage to exert myself to the utmost of my power, for thy glory; resolving not only that I will myself do it, but that all others, so far as I can rationally and properly influence them, shall serve the Lord.

In this course, O blessed God, would I persevere steadily to the end of my life; earnestly praying that I may be enabled not only to hold on in that happy way, but daily to grow more active in it.

Nor do I only consecrate a part of myself to thee, but I most humbly resign, and submit to thine holy will and service, myself and all I can call mine; and leave, O Lord, to thy management and direction all I possess and wish; and set every enjoyment, and every interest before thee, to be disposed of by thee as thou pleasest. Continue or remove what thou hast given me; bestow or refuse what I imagine I want, as thou, Lord, shall see good.

Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee as the instrument of thy glory, and honour me so far, as either by doing or suffering thy will, in what thou shalt bring upon me, that there may some praise redound to thee, and some good to the world in which I dwell.

And may it please thee from this day forward, to number me amongst thy peculiar people, that I may no more be a stranger and a foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints and of the household of God. Receive, O heavenly Father, thy returning prodigal! Wash me in the blood of thy dear Son! Sanctify me

by thy Spirit! and clothe me with perfect righteousness! Destroy, I beseech thee, the power of sin in my heart! Transform me into the image of Jesus, whom henceforward I acknowledge as my Sacrifice, Teacher, Intercessor, and Lord. Communicate to me I beseech thee, all the needful influences of thy Spirit, and lift up the light of thy countenance continually upon me!

Dispose of my affairs, O God, in a manner which may be subservient to thy glory, and my own truest happiness; and when I have done and suffered thy will on earth, call me from hence at what time, and in what manner thou pleasest; only grant that in my dying moments, and in the near prospect of eternity, I remember these my engagements to thee, and that I may employ my latest breath in thy service! And do thou, O Lord, when thou seest the agonies of dissolving nature upon me, remember this covenant, even though I should then be incapable of recollecting it! Look down, O my heavenly Father, with a pitying eye, upon thy languishing and dying child! Place thine everlasting arm round and underneath me for my support! Put strength and confidence into my departing soul, and receive it into the embraces of thy everlasting love! Welcome it into the abodes of those that sleep in Jesus, to wait with them for that glorious day when the last of thy promises, to thy covenanted people, shall be fulfilled in their triumphant resurrection, and in that abundant entrance which shall be administered to them, into that everlasting kingdom, of which thou hast assured them, by thy covenant; and in hope of which I now lay hold on it.

And when I am numbered among the dead, and all the interests of mortality are over with me for ever, should this solemn engagement fall into the hands of any surviving friends, may it be a means of making deep impressions on their minds! May they read it, not only as my engagement, but as their own, and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me put their trust under the shadow of his wings, for time and eternity!

And may they also learn to adore with me, the grace which inclines our hearts to enter into covenant with God, and which condescends to admit us into it, when so inclined : ascribing with me, and with all the nations of the redeemed, to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that praise which is so justly due to each Divine Person for the part he bears in the sacred work of our salvation. Amen.

HENRY FOSTER.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



An Account of the Ancient City of HERCULANEUM, destroyed by an Eruption of MOUNT VESUVIUS, with Descriptions of some of the Antiquities found there.

[*Concluded from page 179.*]

IN this square are deposited the treasures they have lately found ; and on a view of this, and the magnificence of the rooms they have broke into, one cannot but admire the elegance of the ancients. One room I went into was lined with the most beautiful purple and white marble, in regular pannels, each pannel being edged with a black and gold marble, and surrounded with a broad division of blue, green, white, and purple. Several others were in this taste, though in a less way. You may think these very magnificent ; but alas ! these were the meanest of their apartments ; the finer were all covered with paintings, which are so fine and perfect yet, that they rob all the late masters of their glory. In the several niches there are also statues, of a workmanship superior to any thing we have ever seen ; and, in my judgment, even to the paintings themselves. There is a Juno carved in a blewish white marble, the folding of whose robes would deceive you

into thinking they were linen, even at two feet distance. The expression in the face is so much beyond all we know of statuary, that we want words even to convey our ideas of its excellence.

But the paintings are what most delight and surprize every body. There are multitudes, I may say thousands, which are broken and damaged by the workmen, or defaced by accident; but the few which are unhurt are proofs that there have once been masters, who probably will never be equalled. Among these I saw, there was a Tytius chained to a rock, with his breast laid open, and a large bird feeding on his liver. There are but few colours in this piece; yet the majesty of the whole, and the ideas it conveys, are scarcely to be expressed. The rock is of a deep brown, cracked and torn in several places; and appearing so ragged, that you sweat with pain for the naked figure that lies on it!

This is, perhaps, the greatest muscular figure that ever was or ever will be executed. The size adds to the terror of it. It is more than eight feet long, and the drawing up the left leg, and at the same time stretching out the other to its full extent, in the agony of pain, gives an opportunity of displaying such muscles, as will never be seen elsewhere. The fingers of the right hand are bent almost to breaking, in trying, as it were, to tear up the rock, and the other hand is strongly clenched. In both these the prominence of the joints, and the distension of the vessels, is beyond all idea.

The whole body shews its various muscles at work in agony. The wound in the breast is turned artfully away, as a sight too shocking; but over it stands the bird of hell, in the act of striking its head towards his breast. The whole plumage of the bird stands loose and trembling, with expectation of its banquet; and the fierceness of its eye, at once looking down into the wound and gazing astant, as if to see if any one was in the way, is nature amazingly imitated. The foot of the bird seems clenching to take fast hold; its

claws penetrate deep into the flesh, and the blood is just making its way at the wounds. The face is as much superior to the rest, as the rest is to every thing beside.

The menacing fierceness of the look, mixed with the agony and torment it expresses, are truly inconceivable. The inflamed eyes are turned to heaven; they have no tears, but the horrors of the face are doubled, by large drops of sweat standing on the swelling muscles. The lips are shut, yet you can see the teeth are violently gnashed together, even by the drawing upward of the chin. The great art of the painter is, to give you this in full view; which is done by the throwing the head from its natural posture, by a distorting struggle of the neck; yet all this appears perfectly natural, and has a naked simplicity that adds infinitely to its beauties. The colours in this piece seem only brown and red, the flesh of the body is of a brown red, and expresses the most robust and sturdy complexion. The chain is of a dusty brown, with a little red; and the bird a paler brown without any mixture.

As this is all horror, there are several others all softness. A *Semele* melting in transport at the sight of a *Jupiter*, at a vast distance in the clouds: and a courtesan leaning on the neck of her lover, are patterns of all excellence in this kind. There is a Bacchanalian dance, where every face has a different expression of the transport. A *Thetis* leaning on a bed of moss under a natural grotto, and receiving *Phœbus*, has, beside the passions and fineness of the figures, a glow of red from the descending car, that makes all *Titian's* sun-shine the blaze of a boy's bonfire.

There is a *Philoctetes*, with the arrow fallen on his foot; in which the languishing look and terror of the aspect speak, in the most lively manner, the sense of death and the regret of the hero, to miss the glorious enterprize he was invited to. There are a multitude of other figures not understood, which are full compositions. Among the rest there are some public shows

of beasts, where the several animals are painted as finely as the Tytius ; particularly a dying tyger, the noblest thing of the kind ever executed. There is also the death of Achilles ; in which the fierceness mixed with sorrow in the face of the hero, and the mixture of astonishment, terror, and a concealed joy, in the face of Polyxena, none but the hand that did it could have come up to.

There is a single Silanus, a most pleasing figure, and a Mercury in flight, which is only a part of a picture ; but shews the loss of the remainder to have been a great misfortune. These, and a multitude of others, stand now in the square ; and among these are two of an early date with us, having been taken up about seven years since ; which, by those who have not seen the Tytius, are thought to excel all the rest : first, a Vertumnus and Pomona ; the Vertumnus turning from her, and she beckoning a Satyr to call him back ; whose arch smile seems to say, " Let him go if he pleases, there are enough ready to supply his place." The other is the Centaur teaching Achilles music. I heartily wish you could see these, partly for my sake ; but much more for your own satisfaction.



An Account of the Death of OGBURN CARMAN, of Burlington County, New-Jersey, who died July 24th, 1784, aged 13 Years.

OGBURN Carman, on the 7th instant, was confined in the house ; his feet and legs were much swelled, and he appeared to be near an awful eternity. Thursday the 8th, in the morning, he sent for William Budd, being in great distress, which he did not keep secret, but openly cried for mercy, and asked W. B. to pray. Friday, 9th, he still laboured under the condemning power and guilt of sin, continually crying to

this effect—"Lord, give me faith, give me faith." Saturday, 10th, The two last nights he could not lie in bed, but sat in an arm chair, though he slept little. We continued to cry and pray, and in the afternoon I read John xiv. and xv. to his great comfort and satisfaction. There was a smile upon his countenance, all pain seemed to be gone, and he said, his burden was removed, and he was happy, though there were some doubts remaining; yet he seemed, as it were, to sleep in the arms of the blessed Jesus.

On Sunday the 11th, he was easy and sleepy all day, and some of us thought he was near his end. I was uneasy all the afternoon, so I talked with him, asking him several questions. I asked him if he was happy? he said he felt no condemnation, but peace. I asked him if he thought he was not near his end? he said he did not know, but asked me what I thought? I told him it was hard telling him, but I thought he was. He seemed surprised at first, but soon got very happy, and afterwards said, he was glad I told him. All the next week his disorder grew worse, and he still seemed to be growing in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. He related to us a dream, which he had some time before, viz. As he was lying on the bed, the candle burning and the family up, he saw a ball of fire fly across the house, exceeding the light of the candle; then another brighter and larger, and a great dog striving to bite him: and after that an exceeding great light. After he was justified, he said, this is the first light which I saw; but there is a greater work yet to be done.

Monday 19th. His disorder still increased. He was sometimes in extreme pain. Tuesday 20th, and Wednesday 21st, he was at times in such pain that he would cry out aloud.—It was distressing to us to see him in such pain, but even then he was so happy, he could sing praises unto God. Thursday 22d. He was very bad, and at night he called me to him and said, My dear brother, prepare to meet me in the kingdom of

heaven, for I am going there. He repeated it again, and said, be sure and not miss. He then turned and said, Father, do you prepare and meet God, for he is a just God.—He warned Wm. King, and told him not to put off seeking the Lord to a death bed. He would often comfort my mother by telling her that he was happy. He sung, "Come Lord from above," &c. On Friday 23d, he still grew worse, so that he was in extreme pain, but happy in his soul. He looked in my mother's face and said, Now I know the Lord has blessed me indeed.

On Saturday 24th, in the morning, he was a little deranged, but happy; and said he was going to heaven, that beautiful place—he longed to go. He sung again, "Come Lord from above." In the morning he said, O! I am going, but I know not how to get there. I told him he must wait upon the Lord with patience: he asked me to sing, "And must this body die?" Mr. Heisler came, and he asked him to pray. He was happy in his soul, but in extreme pain, till about 11 o'clock, and then said, I am dying; so I sat by him, and talked with him a little; he then appeared easier and more still. I asked him if he felt much pain? he said, at his breast. "But Oh! (he declared) I am rich;" and then said, "O death! O death, where's thy sting!" A few moments before he went, he would say, How long before the Lord will take me? Then he said he could not see day-light, it was so bright; and about 11 o'clock he resigned his soul without a sigh, July 24th, 1784.

What a shining pattern has he left behind! for my part I must say, that it exceeds every thing that I ever saw with my eyes; and there is no doubt but he is now reaping the fruits of his labours. Let us strive to follow him: for my own part, I desire to take the warning he gave me.

JOHN CARMAN, JUN.

New-Mills, July 28th, 1784.

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[Written by Himself.]

I WAS born at the Lime-kilns, near the Hot-wells, in the city of Bristol, on the 3d day of April, 1711. My parents were very creditable people. My grandfather Told, who was an eminent physician in London, was possessed of a very plentiful estate. My grandmother also enjoyed a very considerable fortune at Torrington, in the west of England, worth about 600*l.* per annum; but having a great dislike to London, and her husband's business fixing him there, their posterity experienced fatal consequences therefrom; as he took to him a housekeeper, who, as I was informed by my mother, when she found a fair opportunity, gave him what proved his end, and secured all his writings, and the title-deeds of the estate, together with all the ready money, plate, jewels, &c. the family being absent from London! And although she could not hold the estate, yet, for a great number of years, and even to this day, several people have lived rent free, for want of proper title-deeds to empower the heir to receive the same.

When I came to London I was frequently advised to make a claim to the estate; but for want of money to go to law, together with the loss of the writings, I declined it. And as to my grandmother Told's estate, in the West, this never came within my knowledge.

My father, who was a physician at Bristol, and in great esteem throughout that city; but being a great schemer, it proved his ruin. One instance of this was his building a wet dock at the Lime-kilns, where he laid out thirty-three hundred pounds, and lost every penny by one Evans, for whom my father undertook the business, who failed, and went off. This laid my father under the necessity of going out doctor of a Guinea-man, in the course of which voyage he died.

My brother Joseph, with myself, were sent to nurse at Kingswood, near Bristol, where we were taken care of by the most tender-hearted woman I ever met with. At this place we continued till I arrived at the age of eight years; my friends, at Bristol, then made interest for me to be admitted into the hospital of Edward Colson, Esq. on St. Augustine's Back, near the quay of Bristol; a school, I dare venture to say, that cannot be surpassed by any throughout Great-Britain for piety and christian discipline, having a minister twice a week regularly, for the instruction of one hundred boys in their duty towards God and man.

I now proceed to give an account of my life from my infancy, as far as it may be brought to my remembrance, which is from three years of age. For a considerable length of time, my sister Dulcybella and I often wandered into the woods and fields, fixing ourselves under the hedges, conversing about God and happiness; so that at times I have been transported in such a measure with heavenly bliss, that whether in the body or out of the body, I could not tell; this happiness attended me for a few years.

Once, when we were very young, we wandered out into Kingswood, and lost ourselves in the woods, and were in the utmost consternation; but quickly the kind providence of God permitted a large dog to come behind us, although no house was within a mile; yet the dog drove us clear out of the wood into our knowledge. What was remarkable, the dog never barked at us! And when in our knowledge, we looked around us to behold the dog, he was not to be seen. Being heedless, we wandered again into the woods, and were a second time bewildered, and in greater perplexity than before; when on a sudden, looking around us, we beheld the same dog making towards us, till he came directly up to us; we being much terrified ran from him, till we got a second time into our knowledge; I then turned about to look for the dog, but

saw no more of him, although we were upon an open common.

In the year 1725, I was bound an apprentice to capt. Moses Lilly, in the ship *Prince of Wales*, and sailed from Bristol, first for Cork, and then for Jamaica, in the month of July.

The first reception I met with on board, when the ship lay in King-road was this: the chief mate called for the cabin-boy; but he not being on board, he sent me to the cook to get him a plate of victuals, which I really imagined was meant for myself, and accordingly got a plate full, carried it down into the cabin, and having a keen appetite, made a very comfortable dinner. When the chief mate had done his business, he sent for me, in order to bring his victuals. I told him I understood it was for myself, and that I had eaten it up; upon which he knocked me down, and began cursing and damning me at a horrible rate. This language I was never acquainted with, therefore I thought I should have broke my heart: and having no friend to whom I could apply, I suffered much, even for the whole term of eleven years.

The first of these sufferings was sea-sickness, which held me till our arrival at Jamaica. After lying at Kingston many months (not having any freight for England) the ship made a voyage down to the Bay of Campeachy, in the Spanish West-Indies, at which place she lay at anchor about twelve miles from the land; where her bottom beating the ground at every swell of the sea, she was exceedingly damaged. When we had completed our cargo we sailed back for Jamaica, very short of all sorts of provision, expecting to have a short passage; but, to our mortification, it was a passage of fourteen weeks. After being out three weeks, we were put to short allowance, both of bread and water; one biscuit and two-thirds of a pint of water per day. This was what I never before experienced, and therefore it was the more grievous, and had it not been for a heavy shower of rain off the island of Cuba, we must have

perished for want. We then stopped up all the scuppers, and saved about six casks of water, by the use of the swabs which we dried the decks with, and which we wrung into the casks; and although the water was very bitter, yet, providentially, our lives were preserved thereby; for we were reduced to half a pint of water a day, and that full of mud and maggots: yet we were three days before we arrived at Blue-Fields, the west end of Jamaica, without a single pint of water on board.

When we came to an anchor in Blue-Fields-Bay we hoisted out the long-boat, stowed her full of casks, and dispatched her for fresh water, when one of our men fell flat upon his belly, and drank so immoderately, that a few hours after he came on board he expired; and the next morning we sewed him up in a hammock and threw him overboard, when a large shark descended after him, and, we supposed, swallowed the whole body.

[*To be continued.*]



Anecdote, found in an Arabic Manuscript.

IN the time of the caliphs, when Abdalah, the *shedder of blood*, had murdered every descendant of Omia within his reach, one of that family named Ibrahim, the son of Soliman, the son of Abd-el-melee, had the good fortune to escape, and reached Koufa, where he entered in disguise: knowing no person in whom he could confide, he sat down under the portico of a large house. Soon after, the master arriving, followed by several servants, alighted from his horse; entered, and seeing the stranger, asked him who he was? I am an unfortunate man, replies Ibrahim, and request from thee an asylum. God protect thee, said the rich man, enter, and remain in peace. Ibrahim lived seve-

ral months in this house, without being questioned by his host ; but astonished to see him every day go out on horseback, and return at the same hour, he ventured one day to ask him the reason. I have been informed, said the rich man, that a person named Ibrahim, the son of Soliman, is concealed in this town ; he has slain my father, and I am searching for him to retaliate. " Then I knew (said Ibrahim) that God had purposely conducted me to that place ; I adored his decree ; and resigning myself to death, I answered : God has determined to avenge thee ; behold thy victim at thy feet, offended man !" The rich man, astonished, replied, O stranger, I see thy misfortunes have made thee weary of life ; thou seekest to lose it, but my hand cannot commit such a crime. " I do not deceive thee, said Ibrahim ; thy father was such a one, we met each other in such a place, and the affair happened in such a manner."

A violent trembling then seized this rich man : his teeth chattered as if from intense cold ; his eyes alternately sparkled with fury, and overflowed with tears. In this agitation he remained a long time : at length turning to Ibrahim, he said, " To-morrow destiny will join thee to my father, and God will have retaliated." But for me, how can I violate the asylum of my house ? Wretched Ibrahim, fly from my presence ! There, take these hundred sequins, begone quickly, and never let me behold thee more.

From the HIVE.

" I WAS wonderfully affected (says a worthy christian) with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance, which was to this effect: the consideration (said the good man) that my being is precarious, moved me, many years ago, to make a

resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that mortal man can enjoy : Every night before I address myself to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether, if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him. The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself, were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that it proved motives of greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety ; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is now become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not fullen ; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart ; I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure, as I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them."

" Fond, foolish man would fain these thoughts decline,
 " And loose them in his business, sports, and wine."



Letters.

LETTER LIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Fletcher to C. B.]

My dear Friend,

MY delay has, I hope, driven you to the Lord, is our Urim and Thummim, whose answer infallibly true and just. Not so those of men : n

theless our Lord generally helps us by each other. May he, therefore, help you by the following lines!

You got safe out of Egypt with gladness, and now you seem entangled in the wilderness. But it may be needful for the trial of your faith and patience, self-denial, &c. that you should be left for awhile to feel your own barrenness. Therefore, hold fast what you have, till the Lord comes with more: equally avoiding discouraging thoughts, and slight indifference. Retire more inwardly, and quietly listen to what the Lord will say concerning you, refusing creature comforts, and acting faith on God your Creator, Christ your Redeemer, and the Spirit your Comforter.

You have always a feeling, which, properly attended to, would make you shout aloud, "I am! I am out of hell!" I beg that this wonderful mercy may not appear cheap to you; if it does, you have got up, and must come down: for it is proper the Lord should bring down your spirit, and keep you upon crumbs, till you have learned to be thankful for them.

At the first reading of your letter, these things struck me. 1. You are wanting in the venture of faith: you do not give enough to that kind of implicit confidence in Christ which says, "I will trust in thee, though thou slay me." Now this is a lesson that you must learn. Sink or swim, a believer must learn to cast himself headlong into the boundless sea of divine truth and love. 2. You have not learned to hold fast what you have, and to be thankful for it till the Lord comes with more: till he baptizes you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. 3. You do not make a proper use of the joy of hope; which nevertheless is to be your strength, till the Lord comes to his temple, to make his abode there. Adieu.

JOHN FLETCHER.

LETTER LIV.

[From Lady —, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

January 13, 1783.

Rev. Sir,

OF late I have found a solemn sense of eternity deeply impressed on my mind, attended with a permanent and growing conviction, that nothing here below deserves a thought but living to God ; unless as it tends more immediately or remotely to forward this great end. I think the Lord has given me more than ever to form a just estimate of this world and the things of it ; and of a truth I see them to be lighter than a feather, while I feel the weight, and see the importance of eternal things ; the scale does indeed greatly preponderate on this side.

I am stirred up much to press vigourously on. My soul is struggling into God with all the importunity of prayer, but as yet, still with unavailing efforts, I try to scale the mount of holiest love ; I see and deeply feel how far I am behind, and while thus wrestling for inward conformity to the divine image, I feel much drawn out in strong desires after activity in the ways of God ; but in every situation I find there is danger, for I now see such emptiness in all created good, that my heart is (perhaps too much) disunited from it, and even amongst christians, I meet with so few, if any, that are as much alive to God as I wish to be, and feel I must be, in order to be completely happy, that a little of them goes a great way. Perhaps this is wrong ; how various, and how subtle are the devices of the enemy ! But the wisdom that cometh from above is profitable to direct in all things. I am now within a short mile of Edinburgh, and have more frequent opportunities of being in the house of God, and of enjoying intercourse with his children (which I esteem a privilege) than I had before. Through mercy I enjoy a larger measure of health than usual. All I want is

more of the life of God ; for which I sigh and inly mourn.

I trust you still wax stronger and stronger, having your hands made strong by the mighty God of Jacob : and are still favoured with much success in your attempts to promote the Redeemer's kingdom. That every revolving season may bring you an increase of both, is, Rev. Sir, the desire of your faithful, humble servant,

Poetry.

A T R I B U T E

To the Memory of Captain THOMAS KELL, late of Harford County, in the State of Maryland.

N. B. Captain KELL was a man of respectability, and much esteemed as a citizen and a christian. For many years he had been an approved circumspect member of the Methodist church, and so continued till his death. He died in the West Indies, the latter part of the summer or beginning of autumn, in the year of our Lord 1790. His eldest son was with him, who returned with the melancholy intelligence of his father's death, about the 12th of October following : at which time I was in Baltimore, and at his request, Mr. Hoofman and myself rode up to Harford, to give Mrs. Kell the sad tidings of the captain's death, and to comfort her afflicted mind. When we disclosed the errand on which we went, it was truly the *house of mourning* ; and I shall never forget the affecting scene. The weeping children and disconsolate widow overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, so affected my heart, that I *wept with those that wept*, and recommended them to put their trust in God, by whom the *widow and fatherless are not forgotten*. The following lines were composed by Miss C—F—, of Harford, and I think them worthy of a place in the Magazine,
E—l C—r.

SOME tragic muse attend while I rehearse,
A solemn scene in sad and mournful verse ;
Thee I invoke, too, sad Libitina,
Of funeral rites the mournful deity—

Methinks I see the weeping goddess mourn,
In streaming tears bedew the silent urn
Of our late friend, who is—alas! no more;
To dust consign'd far from his native shore.
O death! thou tyrant, unrelenting king
Of terrors, none can fly thy mortal sting:
Thou mad'st him yield to thee, in thy great rage,
Ere he had reach'd the summit of old age.
What wounding grief must his dear children know?
A parent's loss, must fill their breasts with woe.
His mourning spouse, who three and twenty years,
Enjoy'd his love, sheds unavailing tears
For loss of him she lov'd as her own life,
Remains no longer his beloved wife—
A mourning widow sadly she appears,
And stains, each day, her cheeks with falling tears.

The stormy ocean and the watry world,
Oft he travers'd with flying sails unfurl'd,
From hav'n to hav'n he went, from port to port,
Till he arriv'd at the celestial court,
To dwell for ever on that heavenly shore,
Where none can enter, none can e'er explore,
Without the approbation of their Lord,
And with a passport from his holy word—
“Come, thou blessed of my Father, come,
“My good and faithful servant has well done,
“Enter into the kingdom of thy Lord—”
Oh glorious sound! O comfort-giving word!
And such the welcome he receiv'd, I trust,
’Mongst men made perfect—for his deeds were just.
I make no doubt but he has enter'd in
The heavenly port, to us unknown; unseen
By mortal eye—Too vast for human thought,
Where reigns JEHOVAH; and where angels walk
The golden streets of New Jerusalem.
How great—how happy—and how bless'd the man,
Who is from earth and this vain world set free,
No more to suffer pain or weep like me.

Cease then to mourn, dear friends, your tears restrain,
They cannot call him back to you again.

But stay, my muse, return and take a view
Of his farewell, his final, last adieu.

When he took leave of this our friendly shore,
Was it decreed he should return no more?

Why did the brig triumphant ride each wave,
And leave its master in a foreign grave?

Why did the winds that fill'd his spreading sails,
And oft conducted him with steady gales

Through the vast surges of the foaming main,
Refuse to waft him safely back again?

But ah, they could not, death, more strong than they,
Pronounc'd his exit, and he must obey.

No friend by ties of blood and nature near,

To grace the awful moments with a tear,

Except one son in silent anguish stood,

And saw the earthly author of his blood

Reign his breath to him that first did give

The blessing, life,—who did, no doubt, receive

His fleeting soul in robes more white than snow,

Where pain and sickness he no more shall know.

Methinks I view the melancholy scene,

The midnight taper and the twinkling gleam,

The colours hoisted, and the loud report

Of cannon, firing from the neighbouring fort.

How awful must this mournful sight appear!

Who could refuse the sympathetic tear,

To see the tender husband, parent, friend,

Into the bowels of the earth descend,

And to the greedy worms resign his flesh,

Till he shall rise to put it on afresh.

E P I T A P H.

SIGH not, ye winds, as passing o'er
 The chambers of the dead ye fly :
 Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
 Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest ?
 How still it lies within the breast !
 Why mourn ? since death presents us peace,
 And in the grave our sorrows cease.

The shatter'd bark from adverse winds
 Rest in this peaceful haven finds :
 And when the storms of life are past,
 Hope drops her anchor here at last.

E P I G R A M.

TIME, life, and death, with judgment yet to come,
 Demand our notice, as they fix our doom :
 Why then contemn'd, when, to complete the cost,
Perdition follows, and then all is lost !

O N E N V Y.

SHE never smiles, but where the wretched weep ;
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep :
 Restless in spite ! While watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy.